

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 2.

TROY, LINCOLN COUNTY, MO.. FRIDAY, JUNE 14 1867.

NO. 25.

THE LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY
ELLIS & FISHER.
TERMS: \$1.50 a year in advance, or \$2
if paid within the year.

Rates of Advertising.
One square, 10 lines or less one insertion, \$1.50
Each additional insertion - - - - - .75
Administrators' Notices, - - - - - 3.00
Final Settlement Notices, - - - - - 3.00
Stray Notices (of a single stray), - - - 3.00
Each additional stray in same notice, - 1.00
A liberal deduction will be made to yearly
advertisers.

All legal advertisements must be paid for
before publication is certified to.

Transient advertisements must be accom-
panied with the cash.

Advertisements not marked or numbered
will be inserted till otherwise ordered and charged
for at the above rates.

Professional cards of ten lines or less, will be
inserted one year for \$10.

Marriage, Death, Funeral and Church notices
will be published free.

All communications of a personal nature must
be published under the writers name.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Clerk—Alexander H. Martin.
County Clerk—Francis C. Calk.
County Court Justices—Milton L. Lovell, S. B.
Hosley, S. T. Ingram.
Sheriff—Shapleigh B. Woolfolk.
Treasurer—Frederick Wing.
Assessor—James K. Cannon.
School Commissioner—Jas. M. McEllen.
Superior of Registration—Dederick Wehde.

Courts in Lincoln County.

Circuit Court—Second Monday in April and the
Fourth Monday in September.
County Court—Second Monday in February,
May, August and November.

Troy Lodge No. 34 A. F. and A. M.
Holds its stated communi-
cations on every Saturday next to
the full moon.

A DAILY HACK
FROM
WRIGHT CITY
TO TROY,
Carrying the U. S. Mail
Runs Every Day Except Sundays.

Connecting with trains each way, also connects
with a Hack line running to Auburn, Bowling
Green, and clear through to Clarksville. Good
facilities for the accommodation of passengers.
H. T. PENDLETON,
Proprietor.

TROY HOUSE,
BY
JAMMOND AND FRAZIER.

Old friends in this and adjoining counties,
and the travelling public generally, are invited
to give us a call. The table is always supplied
with the best market affords, and every exer-
tion made to render satisfaction to all who pa-
trize the house. [May 3, 1867. n19 8m]

The Old Gun Shop
Removed.

The undersigned,
has removed his shop into
the room formerly occupied by
J. L. Howland, near the Tan Yard,
and the same building known as the
"Old Boot and Shoe shop, in Troy."
where he is now prepared to make and repair in the
best manner. **GUNS AND PISTOLS**
on the shortest notice. Everybody who wants
anything in my line is respectfully invited to
give me a call. **Trunking made or repaired.**
[July 8, 1866. n28] **J. R. GLORE.**

THOS. RHODUS & CO.,
General Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
And dealers in all kinds of
Manufactured Tobacco.
NO. 305 N. SECOND ST.,
June 7, 67 n24 **St. Louis.**

FAIRBANKS'
STANDARD
SCALES,
OF ALL KINDS.
FAIRBANKS, GREENLEAF & CO.,
226 and 228 Lake street, CHICAGO,
2000 Market street, ST. LOUIS.
Be careful to buy only the genuine.
June 7, '67, n24 1y

80 Acres
of choice land, one mile from Troy, on the
Millwood road, for sale cheap for cash.
There is a good frame house of three rooms,
barn, 22 acres pasture, with good spring water
in it, 25 or 30 acres plow land, all under good
fence. I invite all persons who want a nice little
farm to call and examine it.
may 24, 1867 n22 p2m

ATTENTION PROPERTY HOLDERS!
FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!!

"PROCRUSTATION IS THE THIEF OF
TIME." Put not off until to-morrow
what should be done to-day, for the morrow
may never come. Act wise and insure your prop-
erty once in the **STATE INSURANCE COM-**
PANY OF HANNAH. Delays are dangerous.
The property holders of Lincoln county during
the past year, and the total number issued in
the State in the past year amounts to over 3,000.
Act wisely, and apply for a policy at once, as
nothing can be gained by delay.
W. A. CHAINET, Agent, is now in town,
and will remain a few days.
May 31 67, n21 p1y

Eagle Woolen Mills
OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

D. & B. SAMUELS & CO.

WE RESPECTFULLY INFORM the Mer-
chants and others in Lincoln County, that
we are Manufacturing all kinds of

WOOLEN GOODS;
Cassimeres,
Flannels,
Tweeds, Jeans and
Blankets. Also,
Stocking Yarns of all Colors.

and hope our merchants will encourage Home
manufacture, as we will sell lower than the same
quality of goods can be brought from the East
and sold here.

Highest market price paid in CASH for
WOOL at our Factory, corner of Jefferson and
Main streets, or at the Office and Salesroom, No.
207 Market street. **D. & B. SAMUELS & CO.,**
February 5th 1867 n7-6m

E. A. Bushy. **Henry Drucker.**
BUSHEY & DRUCKER,

Forwarding & Commission Merchants
219 & 221 Commercial street,
ST. LOUIS.

We give personal attention to all purchases and
sales, and cash advances on consignments;
January 5 1867. n2-1y

A. H. BUCKNER **E. A. LEWIS.**

BUCKNER & LEWIS,
Attorneys at Law,
ST. CHARLES, MO.

PRACTICE in the Circuit Courts of St. Charles,
Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln counties,
the District Court of St. Charles, and the Supreme
Court at St. Louis. [Oct. 26, 1866: n4]

MULLER AND WOOD,
Merchant Tailors,
CLOTHIERS,
AND
Dealers in Gents
FURNISHING GOODS,

North West corner 5th and Olive streets,
SAINT LOUIS.

If you want Cheap Goods go to the model store
of the West, corner 5th and Olive streets.
Full suits made in twenty four hours.
Nov. 30 1866 n49 1yr

N. SIMONS,
SIGN & HOUSE PAINTER,

Shop on lot South of the Presbyterian Church
Troy, Mo.

[S] prepared at all times to execute all work with
promptness and dispatch. July 27, 1866. n1-1y

J. G. SCOTT. **A. A. MELLIER.**
SCOTT & MELLIER,
Importers & Wholesale Dealers in

Drugs Chemicals & Dye Stuffs
Oils, Paints, &c.

No. 600 Main St. N. E. Cor. Washington Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Centers and Guardians are re-
minded that, the old law requiring the
Clerk to post up in the Court House
list of all those who fail to make
settlement at the proper time, has
been repealed, and citations are order-
ed against delinquents, without
notice whatever. We publish this
information for the benefit of our friends,
some trouble and costs may be
remembering the fact. —Fulton T.

Who Will Try It
If every subscriber would ask his
neighbor to subscribe and send his
name to the Herald, it would not only
be a subscription list and encourage
us to publish a still better paper, but it
is a personal advantage to every sub-
scriber. There is more happiness and
pleasure in a neighborhood where every-
body takes a newspaper than where
none. It makes a home happier,
thinks more thoughtful, the more
cheerful, and the eyes of the whole
community sparkle with joy whenever
the paper comes. Only one dollar and
one cent.

J. W. BOOTH & SONS,
TOBACCO & GENERAL PRODUCE
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Nos. 602 and 604 North 2d street
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Particular attention given to the sale of Tobacco
on account of Planters.

Inquiries regarding the condition of our market
promptly replied to.
march 29, 1867 n14 6m

MRS. DAVIS
BOARDING HOUSE!

THE LARGE AND ELEGANT MANSION
of five stories a half block from the Southern
Hotel, is now open for transient and regular
boarders, No. 514 Walnut street.

Advertise
In the Lincoln County Herald.

JOB WORK done promptly and
cheaply at the Herald Office.

LITTLE ROBES.
The following beautiful little poem, by Mrs. A.
M. Wells in The Nursery, will be read with pleas-
ure by many a "grandmother!"

Robe, my robe,
You're weary, your's do;
Sit upon grandma's knee.
Songs will I sing you,
Sweet sleep to bring you;
Cuddle up cozy with me.

I will sing ditties
Of birds and of kitties—
The "Song of the Well," to begin:
How young Johnnie Stout
Patted pussy-cat out
When Johnnie Green let her fall in;

Of timid Miss Muffit,
Who fled from the tuffit;
Of Dobby who sailed on the sea;
Of Jack and his Jill;
Of the mouse at the mill;
And baby that rocked on the tree.

Rosie, my Rosie,
As sweet as a rose—
Ah! now she is coming, I see,
Sleepy and drowsy
To cuddle up cozy,
And hush-a-by-baby with me.

From the Western Rural.

More than He Bargained For.

BY PAUL FELLOW.

On a sunny afternoon, when Nature
seemed revenging herself for the clearness
of the sky by the mudiness of the roads,
Mr. John Harrison, farmer, rode slowly
through Fly Hollow, attempting, ever and
anon, to induce the gray beast that prop-
elled his vehicle to go a little faster.

Move on, Jane, move on, I said he.
Jane moved, but with very moderate
speed. She seemed to have an exceeding
great desire to regulate her own rate of
velocity. The efforts of her impatient
master to master her gait could not be
termed a success. And, indeed, it was
almost too much to expect that she would
make any very surprising progress along
the muddy road, as she was a beast of
long standing, extremely old, and always
accustomed to having her own way.

"Well, hang you, old nag, go as you
please!" he exclaimed, after lamenting,
for the fortieth time, the absence of his
whip.

"Take it slow! slow! I suppose we'll
get there after awhile. We generally do
—Je-rusalem!"

As he was making the last interjection,
one of the buggy wheels was plunging
savagely into an enormous slough, nearly
tipping Mr. Harrison off his seat.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the old gentle-
man, as he scrambled to the higher side;
"confound Widow Baker! This is all for
her accommodation. Get out of that,
Jane! Get out of it, I say! There, right
side up again, I guess."

"Now, here I am, an old man, over fifty
years old, actually courting a woman over
forty years old. Just on her account,
ton. All for her accommodation. Hang-
ed if it isn't now. That is, it is—well,
the question is,—is it? Now I'll be fair.
Yes, I'll be candid, seeing that I'm alone.
The old gentleman reflected candidly for
a few minutes, during which time old
Jane candidly evinced a determination to
walk as slowly as possible, without pos-
sibly talking.

"Well," suddenly broke out Mr. H.—
"I suppose I may be a little selfish in the
matter. The good Lord knows we're all
a little selfish, and we all like to hit the
mark—straight as we can," and he made
an abortive attempt to slash Jane with the
end of the line.

"I suppose," he continued, gravely re-
garding the efforts of the steed to walk
upon both sides of a deep wagon rut at
once, "I suppose I may be a little selfish.
That is, if a widower, with nine children,
can find time, or room, or inclination, or
heart, to be selfish. Just think of that
orphaned family of mine. There's John,
the scamp, just 21 to-day, and then there's
one for every two years, down to Elam,
who is five, all together in the old house.
They're a little noisy, now I can't deny
that. They don't seem to care a straw
for anything I say—now I can't deny
that. They need a mother. The poor
things need one bad. And I must get
one for them. It's on this account that
I'm going forty miles for the fourth time,
to see Polly Baker—its on their account,
and—here, yes, here. Perhaps my eyes
may be blinded, but—"

Old Jane, with an energy that rendered
the last mentioned event highly probable,
kicked an imaginary fly, and sent up a
torrent of liquid mud into Mr. Harrison's
face, right in the midst of his disinter-
estedness and devotion.

"Oh, you old jade!" he shouted, with
another futile attempt at line flagellation,
"you old sponge, get along! It's lucky
for me," he continued, wiping the mud
from his face with a red silk handker-
chief, "that this is the last time I'm going
Lucky for me that I'm to marry her to-
morrow. Well, I wouldn't travel this
road twice more—for another family
of children."

So Mr. Harrison rode on toward the
goal of his hopes, philosophizing, and think-
ing, and scolding his horse; planning how
he should manage, and how his wife
should manage after they were married;
and building homely air-castles in the
lonely future.

His feelings, however, were not entirely
free from a slight twinge of conscience,
now and then, in regard to what he had
told, and what he had not told, Polly Ba-
ker. For, reader, Mr. Harrison, although
a rigid moralist, a good citizen, an hon-
est dealer and upright gentleman, had yet
committed, and persisted in, consider-
able deception in his dealings with Polly
Baker.

It was on his first introduction
to her, and while they were talking over
matrimonial affairs rather prematurely,
as old single people often will, that Mrs.
Baker had declared that she would never
marry a man who had already children
for her to take care of; and it was upon
his third visit to her, when he proposed
rather prematurely, as old widowers in
desperate straits do, that she had asked
him if he had children; and he, in his de-
sire to carry his suit, and his zeal in
working for the nine young orphans at
home, had replied, that—yes, he had
children, but they were all away;

by which she, poor innocent soul, understood
that they were all grown, and dutifully
and industriously taking care of them-
selves; and by which he, sly old fellow,
meant that they were literally away, that
is, away from the spot upon which he,
Moses Harrison, and she, Polly Baker,
were then and there conversing.

Oh, Deceit, thy name is man!

Polly had had children, who had re-
joiced in the paternal protection and af-
fection of no less a man than Mr. Parley
Baker, with whom she had lived so well,
and who had once been constable, and had
twice been talked of for deputy sheriff,
and who was one of the best men that ever
lived. Yes, she did love Parley Ba-
ker. Mr. Harrison might disbelieve her,
but she did love him. "But," she always
used to add, "by-gones are by-gones, and
the dead come back no more forever;"—
from which Mr. Harrison inferred an in-
timation that the said Baker's lease of
love had expired with himself, and that
a new lease was fast being drawn for his
own dear and important self.

Concerning Polly's children, Mr. Har-
rison had more than once asked such de-
licate little questions as he dared; as how
many were they, madam; and, how old
did they grow, madam; and, what became
of them all, Mrs. Baker? But she had
invariably met such questions and hints
with a sad, downward look, and the reply,
"Mr. Harrison, my dear children are all
under ground; speak of them no more."

So he rode on toward the goal of his
hopes, not without some little fear of the
consequences when his future bride should
discover that she married him instead of
one: not without some wondering how
she might take the information; not with-
out considerable chuckling and self grati-
fication at the march he had stolen upon
her, and the ease with which he was out-
witting her.

The house at which Mr. Harrison halted
on the following morning was not not-
ed for its grandeur, nor for such huge
proportions as might be said legitimately
to testify the importance of the Baker
who had once owned and honored it.—
But everything was neat, tidy and com-
fortable. There were no shingles in the
window sash, and no pigs in the front
yard. There were a few acres of land
attached to the establishment, which were
always well cultivated, and which, the
widow had told him, furnished sufficient
food for her support. Everything looked
so quiet and contented as he drove up,
that he had another twinge or two of con-
science at entering the fair Polly away
from all this quiet comfort, to the noise
and confusion of his cheerless abode.

Having checked the impatience of old
Jane, who recognized the stables as one
in which she had previously obtained
good fare, and who was hence inclined to
get herself into it as quickly as possible,
without the preliminary ceremony of be-
ing unhitched, Mr. Harrison tied her to
a poplar tree planted years ago by the
defunct Baker, and knocked at the door
of the house.

Polly met him with a radiant smile.
She was alone and waiting for him, she
said. She expected him about that time.
He was always one of the best and
most prompt men, she was sure. She
had not invited any of her numerous
friends and acquaintances to the wedding.
The minister, she supposed, would bring
with him his wife and oldest daughter,
who would do for witness and wedding
party.

"You see by this, Moses," she re-
marked, as she brushed the mud off Fly
Hollow off his overcoat and hat, "how I
love quiet. How pleasant it is to con-
sider that, in once more entering delib-
erately into the marriage obligation, I am
not assuming the control of a family of
children! Think of the noise, the con-
fusion! Why, it would set me crazy!"

"Well," replied Moses, as if he were
speaking a piece, and with a glad con-
sciousness that this was probably the last
time he should have to speak it, "I have
children, but they are all away."

"And mine are all under ground," the
widow rejoined sadly. "Let us drop the
subject."

Mr. Harrison was quite willing to drop
the subject, and they were conversing
soon upon various matters connected with
marriage and housekeeping. It occurred
to Mr. Harrison that the cat made a good
deal of disturbance down cellar, for she
was continually tumbling over boxes and
barrels, to the great interruption of their

conversation; and Mrs. Baker had more
than once to go down and see to her. Mr.
H. wondered why she didn't turn her out
of doors, or kill her, and be done with
it; but he attributed it to her naturally
kind heart, and the cat's probable de-
structiveness to rats.

The minister and his wife, an easy,
good-tempered old couple came, bringing
with them their eldest daughter, who was
a fair virgin of thirty, disposed to be
thoughtful and silent, and whose only re-
mark was to the effect that she believed
matches were made in Heaven. And she
looked as if she might have added, "All
the good material has not been used
yet."

Everything went off well; the re-
sponses were loud enough, and the wed-
ding dinner good. The old minister and
his wife and daughter shook hands with
the new married couple, wished them well,
and departed.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Harrison
coaxingly, after seating herself beside
him, "I have a secret to tell you. Such
a secret, too! You will laugh when you
hear it. Such a joke!"

"Well, what is it?" cheerfully inquired
the spouse, thinking it might, perhaps,
be a concealed bag of dollars, or a pros-
pective legacy.

"I am richer, Moses, than I ever told
you—"

"Why, I didn't marry you for wealth,
Polly, he broke in." "You know I didn't
marry you for wealth! Bah, what do I
care for wealth? But—go on, Polly, go
on."

"Yes, I understand that," said Polly,
archly. "Ah," with a deprecating glance,
"you men are so deceitful! But, Moses,
I must own that I deceived you a little.
Do you forgive me in advance, dear?"

"Of course, I do," replied the dear.
"It only makes the surprise the more
pleasant. I forgive you, Polly, entirely.
Tell me the secret, Polly; tell it."

"Now, Moses," replied Polly, mysteri-
ously moving toward the cellar door with
the air of a magician, "my treasures are
this way. No you need not come! Child-
ren this way!"

Oh, Deceit, thy name is woman!

Forth from the cellar came an impos-
ing procession of ten family treasures,
the largest a tall, open-mouthed fellow of
eighteen, with a little flaxen down upon
his chin, and the smallest a remarkably
docile baby, which he carried.

"Here they are, Moses," said the widow,
arranging them before his astonished
gaze, in two ranks. "Here, Moses, are
my children—and yours. Once, mine
and Baker's; but by-gones are by-gones,
and the dead come back no more forever.
Children, embrace your father!"

They all, with the exception of the
young man with the down on his chin,
who, having resigned the docile baby to
the arms of its mother, stood bashfully
grinning, and looking as if he did not
know exactly where to take hold, sprang
forward to embrace him and give him a
kiss; and poor Harrison, who had stood
speechless with amazement and mortifica-
tion had now a hard time of it; mouth,
chin, nose and eyes, all had to take it.
It seemed to him that the young anac-
ondas would never leave off hugging him.
But as soon as he could disengage him-
self from an affectionate squeeze from the
docile baby, who was last on the docket,
he broke out with—

"And this is the way you deceived me,
is it, madam? You lied to me. You
obtained me under false pretenses. I
suppose you did not know it was a State
prison crime to obtain—ah—ah—to—ah—
You said your children were all under
ground, madam!"

"And so they were, Moses, whenever
I said so," madam replied, with wonder-
ful meekness; "so they were, in a place
I had fixed for them, down cellar. Mo-
ses, if ever I told you those children
were under ground, they were at that
moment in the cellar!"

"Yes, by George, we was!" exclaimed
one of them, a stout lad of twelve.
"When we seed the old gray mare ac-
coun', didn't we have to marvel, though?
But we won't have to do so no more.
This is my pa, yip!" And the young
monster commenced a war dance around
the victim.

"Here," interrupted a puny girl of ten,
he ain't your father, he's mine!"
Hereupon a general clamor ensued as
to the various claims of fraternal prop-
riety, then and there represented,
which Mrs. Harrison hushed by assuring
them that "he was all their fathers."

"Once more, dear husband, you for-
give me, don't you?" pitiously entreated
Mrs. Harrison. "Ah, there's a good man.
Silence gives consent."

ing for you, at my house; and Polly, if
ever I told you those children were away,
they were away—that is, they were not
here. Do you forgive me, Polly?"

"Ah, you naughty man!" said Mrs.
Harrison, laying the docile baby down to
sleep, while the rest of the flock trooped
out to the poplar trees to make the ac-
quaintance of old Jane. "I see! The
way you men deceive us poor, artless, in-
nocent women. But what can't be cured
must be endured; and nineteen in all
isn't such a terrible family, is it now,
Moses!"

Moses made no reply, but he couldn't
help thinking that nineteen was rather
too much of a good thing.

However, he went to work, like a man,
and moved the little Bakers all home.
Although the two flocks did not mix
very amicably at first, they were soon
made to do so by the quiet tact, untiring
perseverance and intomitable will of
Polly Baker Harrison. Moses soon
found that he must build an addition to
his house; and he also found that he must
buy an addition to his farm to keep
work on hand for his children; for every
hand that was able to work had to be
usefully employed under Polly's adminis-
tration. So a more harmonious, indus-
trious or prosperous family could not be
found in Fly Hollow. And to-day,
the Harrisons and Bakers, and their de-
scendants, are living, good and respectable
citizens, all along the road that the old
gentleman traveled to get "Mors Than
He Bargained For."

An Extraordinary Event.

From the Peoria (Ill.) Democrat May 25.

We made mention the other day of a
Peoria cow that gave birth to three
calves, all of which are now living and
doing well. This unusual animal pro-
duction has just been eclipsed by a "hu-
man event," that has set our entire med-
ical fraternity (big pill, little pill, and
root,) agog, turned mid wives awry, and
astonished the whole community. A la-
dy of this city has given birth to a pair
of rabbits. They are alive and have
been visited by a hundred curiosity seek-
ers, among whom were some of the first
ladies of the city. Were it not that nothing
appears in the papers now a days but
what is strictly true, we could further
substantiate the matter by giving the
lady's name, the street, the at-
tending physician, and in short all the
necessary details. We trust that this
wonderful fact may be widely circulated,
and in the meantime we challenge both
hemispheres to compete with Peoria for
the "Eight Wonder of the World." On
further reflection we have concluded to
give the name of the attending physician
and refer our readers to Dr. A. M. Pierce
who will vouch for the entire truthful-
ness of the above statement.

From the same paper, of June 6.

Last Tuesday night Mrs. Abraham Ma-
ple presented the family circle with a son
after seventeen daughters. This is the
18th child and only son of Mrs. Maple,
at the age of 58, is, we think, keeping up
conjugial happiness with a pertinacity
rarely equaled and never surpassed.

A man in Milwaukee, Wis., has set up
a new factory. The capital invested is
small. A board shanty, a large kettle
and a few tools suffice, while the dead
dogs are bought for a trifle. The ani-
mals are first skinned. The hides are
used chiefly for gloves. The hair is put
in mattresses, &c. The grease got from
boiling the carcasses is used for making
soap. The glutinous matter is sold to
the glue-makers. The bones are some-
times used for knife handles, but the
most are dried, ground up and sold as
deodorizers. The average profit on each
dog is said to be \$2.50.

The number of acres of land sold by
the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad
Company for the year 1866, was 62,848,
prices ranging at about nine dollars per
acre, and amounting in the aggregate, to
the sum of \$586,340. The Company has
four times the quantity of land within
the last three years, than was disposed of
in the prior seven years. About 400,000
acres remain unsold.

The Express tells of a happy family in
Buffalo, the husband ninety years of age,
the wife seventeen, and the baby seven
months.

There is a printing office at the Paris
Exposition under the patronage of the
Empress, the compositors in which are
all women.

The President has offered to give a
plot of ground in Greenville, Tennessee,
to the negroes of that town as a site for a
school and church.

A new religious journal has been started
in Indiana for the express purpose of
"savagely pitching into Christian bodies
who wear frizzled hair and things."

A few days since a person in New York
N. Y., purchased an old army uniform,
stripped it open, and discovered, to his
surprise, a big roll of greenbacks in it.

Two rival traders, in Lowell, Mass.,
recently kept their stores open, and
hanging out all night, each having de-
termined not to close until the other had.